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DAVID BALFOUR.

(A Sequel to "Kidnapped.")

A STORY OF ADVENTURE.

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, Author of "Treasure island," "Dr. Jokyll and Mr. Hyde," &c.

(Crysright, 1898, by Robert Louis Steemen.)

Togenesh; 1988. by hister two Stemans.)

GEAPTER XXVIII—In Weight I M. Lerr.

ALOYS.

I opened the door to Catriona and stopped her on the threshold.

Togenesh two deep the three stemans and the state of the state

She stopped again. "It is because I am disgraced?" she asked.
"That is what he is thinking." I replied, but I have told you already to think nought of it." will be all one to me," she cried. "I pre-

fer to be disgraced!"

I did not know very well what to answer, and There seemed to be something working in There seemed to be something working in her bosom after that last cry; presently she broke out. "And what is the meaning of all this? Why is all this shame loundered on my head? How could you dare it. David Balfour?"

"My dear" said I, "what else was I to do?"

"I am not your dear," she said, " and I defy you to be calling me these words."

I am not thinking of my words." said I. "My heart bleeds for you. Miss Drummond. Whatever I may say, be sure you have my pity in your difficult position. But there is just the one thing that I wish you would bear in view. If it was only long enough to discuss it quietly; for there is going to be a collieshangle when we two get home. Take my word for it, it will need the two of us to make this matter end in peace."

we two get home. Take my word for it, it will need the two of us to make this matter end in peace."

"Ay" said she. There sprang a patch of ted in either of her cheeks. "Was he for fighting you" said she.

Well, he was that," said I.
She gave a dreadful kind of laugh. "At all events, it is complete!" she cried. And then turning on me: "My father and I are a line pair," said she, "but I am thanking the good did there will be somebody worse than what we are. I am thanking the good God he has let me see you naked. There will never be the girl made that would not acorn you."

I had borne a good deal pretty patiently, but this was over the mark.

You have no right to speak to melikethat." said I. "What have I done but to be good to you, or try to? And here is my repsyment! Oh, it is too much."

She kent looking at me with a hateful smile. "Coward," said she.

"The word in your throat and in your father?" I cried "I beyond and him this

"She kept looking at me with a hateful smile." Coward, "said she.

"The word in your throat and in your father's." I cried. "I have dared him this day already in your interest. I will dare him askin, the nasty polecat; little I care which of us should fall! Come," said I, "back to the house with us; let us be done with it, let me be done with the two bed leleand crow of you! You will see what you think when I am dead." She shook her head at me with that same simile I could have struck her for.

"Oh, suile saway." I cried. "I have seen your bonny father smile on the wrong side this day. Nor that I mean he was afraid, of course," I saided hastily, "but he proferred the other way of it."

"hat is this?" she asked.

When I offered to chaw with him," said I. 100 offered to chaw upon James More?" the cried.

"And I did so, "said I, "and found him back-

nd I did so," said I, "and found him back-

and cried.

And did so," said I, "and found him backward enough, or how would we be here?"

"There is a meaning upon this." said she.
"hat is it you are meaning?"

"It was to make you take me," I replied, and I would not have it. I said you should be free, and I must speak with you alone; little is upnosed it would be such a speaking! And what if I refuse? says he. Then it must come to the threat cutting, says I. 'for I will no more have a husband forced on that young lady than what I would have a wife forced upon his many in the little is they were a friend's words; bonnily have I been paid for them. Now you have refused me of your own clear free will, and there lives no father in the Highlends, or out of them, that can force on this marriage. I will see that your wishes are respected; I will make the

I think you might have that decency as to affect some gratitude. Deed, and I thought you knew me better! I have not behaved quite well to you, but that was weakness. And to think me a coward, and such a coward as that. Oh, my lass, there was a stab for the last of it!"

"Dayle, hew would I guess?" she gried.

"Davie, how would I guess?" she cried,
"Oh, this is a dreadful business! Me and
mine,"—she gave a kind of wretched cry at the
word—"me and mine are not fit to speak to
you. Oh, I could be knesling down to you in
the street, I could be kissing your hands for
your forgiveness!"
"I will keep the kisses I have got from you
already," cried I. "I will keep the ones I
will not be kissed in penitence."
"What can you be thinking of this miserable
girl," says she.



I SPIED A LITTLE HEAP.

"Let me hear no more of it!" says I. "You have got me to that pitch that the bare name of soldier rises on my stomach. Our traffic is settled; I am now going forth and will return in one-half hour, when I expect to find my chambers purged of you."

I gave them good measure of time; it was my one fear that I might see Catriona again, because tears and weakness were ready in my heart, and I cherished my anger like a piece of dignity. Perhaps an hour went by: the sun had gone down, a little wisp of a new moon was following it across a scarlet sunset; already there were stars in the east, sud in my chambers, when at last I entered them, the night lay blue. I lit a taper and reviewed the rooms; in the first there remained nothing so much as to awake a memory of those who were gone; but in the second, in a corner of the floor. I spied a little heap that brought my heart into my mouth. She had left behind at her departure all that ever-she had of me. It was the blow that I felt sorust, perhaps because it was the last; and I feli upon that pile of clothing and behaved myself more foolish than I care to fell of.

Late in the night, in a strict frost and my teeth chattering. I came again by some portion of my manchood and considered with myself. The sight of these poor frocks and ribhons and ber shifts and the clocked stockings was not to be sudured; and if I were to receiver any constancy of mind I saw! must be rid of them ere the morning. It was my first thought to have made a fire and burned them; but my disposition has always been opposed to wastery for one thing, and for another, to have burned these things that she had worn so close upon her body seemed in the nature of a cruelty. There was a corner cupboard in that chamber; there I determined to bestow them. The which I did and made it a long business, folding them with very little skill indeed, but the more care, and sometimes dropping them with my tears. All the heart was gone out of me; I was weary as though I had run miles, and sore like one beaten; when, as I

quently remarked; and once that she had it on I remembered telling her by way of a banker; that she wore my colors. There came a glow of hope and like a tide of sweetness in my bosons; and the next moment it was plunged back in a fresh despair. For there was the corner crumpled in a knot and it was plunged back in a fresh despair. For there was the corner crumpled in a knot and the want with a little be hopeful. She had cut that corner off in sense childish freak that was manifestly tender; that she had cast it away again was little to be wondered at; and I was inclined to dwell more be wondered at; and I was inclined to dwell more be wondered at; and I was inclined to dwell more be wondered at; and I was inclined to dwell more be wondered at; and I was inclined to dwell more be wondered at; and I was inclined to dwell more be wondered at; and I was inclined to dwell more be wondered at; and I was inclined to dwell more be wondered at; and I was scarce so miserable the next days but what I had many hopeful at the next days but what I had many hopeful a constancy upon my argument with the beat days but what I had many hopeful deal of constancy upon my argument with the wondered at; and I was scarce so miserable the next days but what I had many hopeful and the sent days but what I had many hopeful adeal of constancy upon my argument with the beat first better the still Alan should arrive, or I might hear word of Catriona by the mean of James More. I had altogether three letters in the time of our separation. One was to an account of the still and the still an



"It will ook neither back nor forward," she mirrigated of the survey of the contingent in the survey of the survey much as possibly on her feedings, but she marked me supposition to the survey of the survey of the survey of the survey much as possibly on her feedings, but she marked me supposition to the survey of the survey of the survey much as possibly on her feedings, but she marked me supposition to the survey of the survey much as possibly on the feedings, but we solose curvelves with the melan body, and struct mountains, and by the survey of the survey much as possibly of the survey of the survey much as possibly of the survey of the survey much as possibly of the survey of the survey much as possibly of the survey of the survey much as possibly of the survey of the survey much as possibly of the survey of the survey much as possibly of the survey of the survey much as possibly of the survey much as possi better. My dear sir, your affectionate, obedient servant.

"James Macorgoor Drummond."

Below it began again in the hand of Catriona:
"Do not be believing him, it is all lies together.

"Not only did she add this postscript, but I think she must have come near suppressing the letter; for it came long after date, and was closely followed by the third. In the time betwix them, Alan had arrived, and made another life to me with his merry conversation: I had been presented to his cousin of the beots-Dutch, a man that drank more than I could have thought possible and was not otherwise of interest: I had been entertained to many jovial dinners and given some myself, all with no great change upon my sorrow; and we two by which I mean Alan and myself, and not at all the cousin had discussed a good deal the nature of my relations with James More and his daughter. I was naturally diffident to give particulars; and this disposition was not any way lessened by the nature of Alan's commentary upon those I gave.

"I cannae make hend nor tail of it," he would say, "but it sticks in my mind the ye've made a gowk of yourself. There's few people that has had more experience than Alan Breck; and I can never call to mind to have heard tell of a lassie like this one of yours. The way that you tell it, the thing's fair impossible. Ye must have made a terrible hash of the business, David."

"There are whiles that I am of the same mind." said I.

"The strange thing is that ye seem to have a kind of a fancy for her, too!" said Alan.

"The biggest kind, Alan," said I," and I think l'Il take it to my grave with me.

"Well, ye beat me, whatever!" he would conclude.

I showed him the letter with Catriona's post-seript. "And her letter with Catriona's post-seript." "And

"The biggest kind, Aian," said I, "and I think I'll take it to my grave with me."
"Well, ye beat me, whatever!" he would conclude.

I showed him the letter with Catriona's postscript. "And here again!" he cried. "Impossible to deny a kind of decency to this Catriona, and sense forby! As for James More, the man's as beess as adrum; he's just a wame and a wheen words; though I'll can never deny that he fought reasonably well at Gladsmair, and it's true what he says here about the five wounds. But the loss of him is that the man's bees."

I's see, Alan." said I. "It goes against the grain with me to leave the maid in such poor hands."

"Ye see, Alan." said I. "It goes against the grain with me to leave the maid in such poor hands."

"Ye couldne weel find poorer," he admitted. "But what are ye to do with it? It's this way about a man and a woman, ye see, Davie, the weemsnfolk have got no kind of reason to them. Either they like the man, and them a' goes fine; or else they just detest him, and ye may spare your breath—you can do naething. There just the two sets of them—them they would sell their coats for ye, and them that never look the road ye're on. That's a that there is to women; and you seem to be such a gomeral that he cannae tell which way it is."

"Weel, and I'm sfraid that's true for me." said I.

"And yet there's naething easier!" cried Alan. "I could easy learn ye the science of the thing; but ye seem to me to be born blind, and there's where the diffeeculty comes in!"

"Ye see, David, I wasnae here," said he. "I'm like a field officer that has naebody but blind men for scouts and celaireurs; and what would ye ken? But it sticks in my mind that ye'll have made some kind of bauchle and if was you I would have a try at her again."

"Ye see, David, I wasnae here," said he. "I'm like a field officer that has naebody but blind men for scouts and celaireurs; and what would ye ken? But it sticks in my mind that ye'll have made some kind of bauchle and if was you I would have a try at her again."

"Ye see, Davi

France:" says he." Forby a bit of a speciment one night in Scotland in a shaw of wood by Silvermilla. But cheer up, my dear! ye're bonnier than what he said. And now there's one thing sure: you and me are to be a pair of friends. I'm a kind of a henchman to Davie here: I'm like a tyke at his heels; and whatever he cares for. I've got to care for me! So now you can see what way you stand with alone by the holy airn! they've got to care for me! So now you can see what way you stand with Alan Breek, and ye'll find ye'll hardly lose on the transaction. He's no very honnie, my dear, but he's leal to them he loves."

"I thank you with my heart for your good words," said she. "I have that honor for a brave, honest man that I cannot find any to be answering with."

Using travellers' freedom, we spared to wait for James More, and sat down to meat, we threesome. Alan had Catriona sit by him and wait upon his wants; he made her drink first out of his glass, he surrounded her with continual kind gallantries, and yet never gave me the meet small occasion to be jealous; and he kept the talk so much in his own hand, and that in so merry a note, that neither she nor I remembered to be embarrassed If any had seen us there, it must have been supposed that Alan was the old friend and I the stranger. Indeed, I had often cause to love and no admire the man, but I never loved or admired him better than that night; and I could not help remarking to myself (what I was sometimes rather in danger of forgetting) that he had not only much experience of life, but in his own way a great deal of natural ability besides. As for Catriona she seemed quite carried away; her laugh was like a peal of bella, her face gay as a May morning; and I own, although I was very well pleased, yet I was a little sad also, and thought myself a duil storkisk character in comparison of my friend, and very undit to come into a young maid's life, and perhaps ding down her gayety.

But if that was like to be my part, I found at least that I was not alone in it; for

were to make shift with a single bed. Alan looked on me with a queer smile.

"Ye muckle ass!" said the.

"What do ye mean by that?" I cried.

"Mean? What do I mean? It's extraordinar. David man," says he, "that you should be so mortal stupit."

Anain I begred him to speak out.

"Well, it's this of it," said he. "I told ye there were the two kinds of women—them that would sell their shifts for ye, and the others, just you try for yoursel, my bonny man! But what's that neepkin at your craig?"

I told him.

"I thocht it was something there about." said he.

Nor would he say another word, though I besieged him long with importunities.

(To be concluded.)

FAIRY TALES OF IRELAND Collected in the Original Irish from the Lips

of Iris's Story Tellers.

Coparight, 1898, by Jeremiah Cartia.

Daniel Crowley and the Chosts.

On the third evening the Dingle man was absent, but his place was filled by a young farmer of the neighborhood, who knew two ghost stories. The host was anxious that I should hear them, hence he brought in the farmer. After some hesitation and protests the young man told a story, which is grotesque enough and borders very closely. If it does not touch, on the unpermitted. It has some points of resemblance with the "Ghostly Concert" in "Tales of Two Centurios," which I translated from the Russian of Zagoskin. In Zagoskin's tale the demoniac lender of the ghostly orchestra in Moscow makes a gultar of the right leg of his victim, the only living man present at the midnight rehearsal. In this Irish tale the ghost makes an instrument out of his own body—plays on his rius. There is a spiendid tale among the Western Indians of North America describing a trial of skill in a musical contest between all existences in the universe except man. The first place was won by the lampray cel ione of the forms of water as a person, and the cel was declared to be the greatest musician in the world. The lamprey cel in the contest, using his own body as a flute, played by inhaling air and then expelling it through his sides. Of those holes there are marks left on the body of the lamprey cel. Some Indians call water the LongOne; and water is certainly a mighty musician. Dantel Crowley and the Chosts. streep. After some hesitation and protest the young man tool astory, which is froiseast they oung man tool astory, which is froiseast to touch, on the uppermitted. It has some points of resemblance with the "Chosty! Concert" in "Tales of Two Centuries," which I translated from the Russian of Agoskin. In Engasting the Trailes of Two Centuries, which I translated from the Russian of Agoskin. In Engasting the Two Concerts are a marked to the properties of the trailed of

and they desired him to sing again, and he did not refuse.

Daniel Crowley pleased the company se much with his two songs that a woman who had three daughters wanted to make a match for one of them and get Daniel Crowley as a husband for her. Crowley was a bachelor, well on in years, and had never thought of The mother spoke of the match to a woman

sitting next to her. The woman shook her head, but the mother said: "If he takes one of my daughters I'll be glad.

for he has money laid by. Do you go and speak to him, but say nothing of me at first." The woman went to Daniel Crowley ther and told him that she had a fine, beautiful girl in view and that now was his time to get a good wife: he'd never have such a chance again.

Crowley rose up in great anger. "There isn't a woman wearing clothes that I'd marry," said he. "There isn't a woman born that could bring me to make two halves of my loaf for her." The mother was insulted now and forgot herself. She began to abuse Crowley.

"Bad luck to you, you hairy little scoundrel." said she, "you might be a grandfather to my child. You are not fit to clean the shoes on her feet. You have only dead people for company day and night; 'tis by them you make your living."

"Oh, then," said Daniel Crowley. "I'd prefer the dead to the living any day if all the living were like you. Besides, I have nothing against the dead. I am getting employment by them and not by the living, for 'tis the dead that want coffins."

"Bad luck to you, 'tis with the dead you ought to be and not with the living; 'twould be fitter for you to go out of this altogether and go to your dead people." "I'd go if I knew how to go to them." said

"Why not invite them to supper?" retorted the woman.

He rose up then, went out, and called: Men, women, children, soldiers, sailors, all that I ever made coffins for, I invite you to my house to-night, and I'll spend what is needed

in giving a feast." The people who were watching the dead man on the table saw him smile when he heard the invitation. They ran out of the room in a fright and out of the kitchen, and Daniel Crowley hurried away to his shop as fast as he could go. On the way he came to a public

house and, going in, bought a pint bottle of whiskey, put it in his pocket, and hurried on The workshop was locked and the shutters down when he left that evening, but when he came near he saw that all the windows were shining with light, and he was in dread that the building was burning or that robbers were in it. When right there Crowley slipped into a corner of the building opposite to know could be see what was going on, and soon be could be see what was going on, and soon he saw crowds of men, women, and children going toward his shop and going in, but none coming out. He was hiding some time when a man tapped him on the shoulder and asked: "Is it here you are, and we waiting for you?" It is a shame to treat us this way. Come now." Crowley went with the man is the shop, and as he passed the threshold he saw a great gathering of people. Some were neighbors, people he had known in the past. All were dancing, singing, amusing themselves. He was not long looking on when a man came up to him and said:
"You seem not to know me, Daniel Crowley."
"I don't know you," said Crowley. "How could I!"
"You pright then, and you ought to know

"You might then, and you ought to know me, for I am the first man you made a coffin for, and twas I gave you the first start in business."

Soon another came up. a lame man: "Do you know me, Daniel Crowley!"
"I do not."

I am your cousin, and it isn't long since I

know me. Daniel Crowley?"

"I do not."

"I do not."

"I am your cousin, and it isn't long since I died."

"Oh, now I know you well, for you are lame. For God's sake." said Crowley to the cousin, "how am I to get these people out o' this. What time is it?"

"Tis early yet, it's hardly II o'clock, man."

Crowley wondered that it was so carly.

"Heceive them kindly," said the cousin, "be good to them, make merriment as you can."

"I have no meney with me to get food or drink for them: 'It's night now and all places are closed." answered Crowley.

"Well, do the best you can," said the cousin, The fun and dancing went on, and widle Daniel Growley was looking around, examining everything, he saw a woman in the far-off corner. She took no part in the amusement, but seemed very shy in herself.

"Why is that woman so shy, she seems to be afraid," asked he of the cousin. "and why doesn't she dance and make merry like others?"

"Ob, 'tis not long since she died, and you gave the coffin, as she had no means of parying for it. She is in dread you'll ask her for the money now, or let the company know that she didn't pay," said the cousin.

The best dancer they had was a piper by the name of John Reardon from the city of Cork. The fiddler was one John licaly. Healy brought no fiddle with him, but he made one, and the way he made it was to take off what fiesh he had on his body. He rubbed up and down on his own ribs, each rib having a different note, and the made the lovellest music that Daniel Crowley had ever heard. After that the whole company followed his example. All threw off what flesh they had on them and began to dance jigs and hornpipes in their bare bones. When by chance they struck against one another in dancing, you'd think it

Tom Daly lived between Kenmare and Skneem, but nearer to Kenmare, and had an only son, who was called Tom, after the father. When the son was 18 years old Tom Daly died. leaving a widow and this son. The wife was paralyzed two years before Tom died and could rise out of the bed only as she was taken out, but as the fire was near the bed she could push a piece of turf into it if the turf was left at hand.

Tom Daiy while alive was in the employ of a gentleman living at Drummond Castle. Young Tom got the father's place, and he looked on his godfather as he would on his own father, for the father and godfather had been great friends always, and Tom's mother was as fond of the godfather as she was of her own husband. Four years after old Tom died the godfather followed him. He was very fond of chestnuts, and when he came to die he asked his friends to put a big wooden dish of them in his coffin, so he might come at the nuts in the next world.

They carried out the man's wishes. The godfather was buried, and the bed-ridden widow mourned for him as much as for her own husband. The young man continued to work for the gentleman at Drummond Castle. and in the winter it was often late in the evening before he could come home. There was a short cut from the gentleman's place through a grove and past the graveyard. Young Tom was shining very brightly. While passing the graveyard he saw a man on a big tomb that was in it, and he cracking nuts. Young Daly saw that it was on his godfather's tomb that the man was, and when he remembered the nuts that were buried with him he believed in one minute that it was the godfather who was in it. He was greatly in dread then, and ran off as fast as ever his legs could carry him. When he reached home he was out of breath and panting.
"What is on you." asked the mother, "and to be choking for breath?"
"Sure I saw my godfather sitting on the tomb and he eating the nuts that were buried with him."
"Bad luck to you." said the mother: "don't

with him."

"Bad luck to you," said the mother; "don't be belying the dead, for it is as great s sin to tell one lie on the dead as ten on the living."

"God knows," said Tom. "that I'd not belle my godfather, and "is he that is in it; and hadn't I time to know him before he died?"

"Do you say in truth, Tom, that 'tis your godfather?"

"As sure as you are my mother, here before godfather?"
"As sure as you are my mother here hefore
me 'tis my godfather that's in the graveyard
cracking nuts."
"Bring me to him, for the mercy of God, till
I ask him about your own father in the other
world." "Bring me to him, for the mercy of God, till I ask him about your own father in the other world."
"Fil not do that," said Tom. "What a queer thing it would be to bring you to the dead."
"Isn't it better to go, Tom, dear, and speak to him? Ask about your father, and know is he suffering in the other world. If he is we can relieve him with masses for his soul."

Tom agreed at last, and, as the mether was a cripple, all he could do was to put a sheet around her and take her on his back. Ho went then toward the graveyard.

There was a great thief living not far from Kenmare, and he came that night toward the estate of the gentleman where Tom was working. The gentleman where Tom was working. The gentleman had a couple of hundred fat sheep that were grazing. The thief made up his mind to have one of the sheep, and he sent an apprentice boy that he had to catch one, and said that he'd keep watch on the top of the tomb. As he had some nuts in his pocket, the thief began to crack them. The boy went for the sheep, but before he came back the thief saw Tom Daly, with his mother on his back. Thinging it was his apprentice with the sheep, he called out: "Is she fat?"

Tom Daly, thinking it was the ghost asking about the mother, dropped her and said: "Begor, then, she is, and heavy!" Away with him, then, as fast as ever his legs could carry him, leaving the mother tehind. She, forgetting her hus? and and thinking the ghost would kill and eat her, jumped on, ran home like a deer, and was there as soon as her son. "God spare you, mother, how could you come!" cried Tom, "and be here as soon as myself?"

"Bure I moved like a blast of March wind." said the mother: "its the lucklest ride I had in my life, for out of the fright the good Lord gave me my legs again."

"That is a droll story, and may be true," said the old man, "though it doesn't stand to reason that the mother could run as fast as her son, and he as much in dread of the man in the graveyard as herself, But, true or false, sure there is neither ghost nor fairy in it.

In the year 1846 Tom Country was working on the road between Siea Head and Ventry

with other men. One morning he asked a fel-low workman for tobacco.
"I have only enough to last through the day," said the other. "but here are threepence

for you, and at breakfast time take your bread and walk up the road and you'll find an old woman selling tobacco. When rou are paid next time give me back the threepence"
"Very well," said Connors, and when it was breakfast time he took his bread and went along the road, eating, till he came to where the old woman was and long if the tobacco.

Before the next pay day the man who loaned the threepence fell ill. Conners curried the money in his pocket a long time, hearing each day that the man was getting better, and expecting that he would see him the next day. One morning Conners was going to his

was Brandon Mountain that was striking
Mount bagie, with the noise that was in it.

Row could he live through the night, but still he thought daylight would never come. They was one man, John Sullivan, that he noticed in his life, and he came with the two women, dance a breakdown with him, and he dance in his life, and he came with the two women, dance a breakdown with him, and he dance and account of the skeletons had their mouths open laughing. He danced and knocked so much merriment out of them all that his first wife, our and very mad. She ran down to where he was and told him she had a better right to dance with him than the second wife.

That's not the truth for you, 'said the second wife, 'I have a better right than you, and he was free, and, besides. I'm a better dancer than what you are, and I will dance with him whether you like it or not."

"Hold your tongue!" acreamed the first wife. Sure, you couldn't come to this feast to-night a light of the loan of another woman's light of the lo

Before any comment was made on Connors's experience of ghosts a new man came in mason. My host asked him at once to tell story, and the following is his contribution:

There was a rich farmer near Trales, and he had a strong, able man of a son who was a herder for him, driving the cows and taking care of them always.

One evening the son was driving the cows to

the field where they were to stop for the night.
There was a fairy fort in the field. When the young man was driving the cowe in at the gate of this field the first cow stretched her head in through the gate, bawled as if some cow were horning her, and ran away. A cow with three dogs after her wouldn't be wilder than this one. He tried till he was tired to drive the other cows, and couldn't drive one of them into the field. He went home then and said he couldn't get a cow inside the gate.

The farmer had three servant boys; they were inside in the house after the day, and he told them to go and help, but not a cow could they drive in. and they were in amaze, without knowing what was on the cows and why they wouldn't go into the field as every evening before. The farmer's son was with the boys, and when the four were tired, he said:
"There must be something before them."

He went inside then and 'looked about the place, and what did he see standing aside from the gate but a little old man. He cursed the old man, raised his hand with a stick in it. and swore that he'd have his life.

"Stop your hand." said the fairy, "and don't try the like of that."

"I'll not stop my hand," said the young man, "for you have my stock destroyed."
"Wait." said the fairy. "and I'll tell you the cause of this trouble. I am very badly off from the want of a wife and a housekeeper, and what I wished was that you yourself would come here till I spoke to you. I have the woman made out these four or five days, and we were to go for her to-night, and I want you to go with us. We have strength enough of our

own men, but we can never take her without help from this world. You'll not lose by assisting me. I'll be your friend ever and always for the future."

"Well." said the farmer. "I'll help you."

"That's all I want." said the fairy. "and I'll not trouble your cows from this out. Be at the fort in half an hour and go with me."

The farmer's son was at the fairy fort at the time mentioned. The old man and a crowd of other fairies were waiting on horseback, and a horse was reserved for the young man. They started off and never stopped till they reached the North of Ireland and halted at the house of a rich man, who had a very beautiful own men, but we can never take her without

started off and never stopped till they reached the North of Ireland and haited at the house of a rich man, who had a very beautiful daughter. The fairles had her struck four or five days before, and she was stretched on the bed and was to die that night. She was given up by priest and doctor. The fairles brought one of their own to put in place of her.

"You have no cause to be in dread of anything," said the old man to the farmer's son. "The house is full of our friends and neighbors: all you need to do is to take her with you out of the house and put her before you on the back of your horse."

He did this, and soon they were back to the fort, and the old man said: "Put the lady off the horse and give her to me."

The farmer's son was grieved to have such a fine young woman forever with such an old fairy, and he said: "I'll not let her go with you; I want her myself."

He kent the woman, wouldn't give her to the fairy, but brought her to his father's house.

The old fairy began then at the father, who had more than forty cows and property of all kinds, and never stopped, leaving him nothing but the walls of his house, and made beggars of the family. The young man and his wife were as poor as they could be, and one day she said to her husband: "If my father and mother knew our trouble we wouldn't be the way we are in poverty and want, and I'm sure it's the fairy that's working on us aways."

"I'd wish to try and see them." said the husband, "and if I knew the place they are living in I'd try could I find them. Write a letter; I'll take it to them."

She wrote and mentioned many things that only she and her family knew. The husband started off, he had the name of the place, and was travelling a laways till he came at last to the father's house. A fine house it was. There were herds of cows and servants to milk them. The mother was down in her room when he came, and he saw her at once. The woman was crying. He asked the cause.

"It seems," said she, "that you are a stranger in these parts."

"Your daughter is di

his bed after he buried her, and hasn't risen out of it since."

"You'd sughter is alive yet; she didn't die at ali."

"You'll suffer for that talk," said the mother. He handed her the letter. She opened it and read. "That is her writing whether she is dead or a ive," said the mother. She went to her husband then. "There is a man below in the room." said she, "who says that our daughter is alive."

"I all him here to me. I'll put him in a way he won't say that again."

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They sent for the priest. "Don't harm the man," said the priest. "I'll write to the parish priest there and know the true story."

The parents had three sons besides the daughter they had lost, and these three brothers thought it long to wait. What they did was to said in these horses and away with them, and never did they stop day or night travelling and getting things. They keet in the right road till they made out the bouse. The sister put out her head when they were coming and knew her brothers. When they say her they came very near fainting.

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The sister but old all about the fairy and said. "Hurry away and bring my husband; don't leave it in the legs of the horses,"

They turned and never lear they didn't leave it in the horses, but took out of them whe speed was in their bones. When they we within sight of their father's house they had handkerchiefs flying, they were so giad at the beopie were running from every side meet them. They made a great flat store. They were so giad at the stock he had lost.

"Forty-live cows and two horses," said the store them. They made a great flat store. They were ing the sione with growners were twenty for brother-in-law then, and asked him what the stock he had lost.

"Forty-live cows and two hor

"Give the man back all you took from he said the brothers.

The fairy put back everything as it was he fore. The brothers left a blessing with the sister and her husband and went home. The fairy was a friend of the young couple after that. He never put the father nor the son back a pen'orth.